

"In Bethlehem . . .
A new King's born"



Mass cards officially removed bringing end to years of dispute

After three months of silent politicking, the student council has obtained the removal of the Mass cards.

In an announcement from the office of the college chaplain last week, Father L. J. Kostka stated that the "President's Council has approved the recommendation of the Student Life committee to drop the Mass card check, effective following the Christmas vacation."

The move marked the climax of three years work involving that many student councils and various administrative heads. Under council president Dennis Mudd (61-62) initial soundings were made on the Mass card situation. Sporadic attempts toward removing them had been made previously, but Mudd's administration saw the first strong voice calling for an abolishment of what students termed "an insult to their basic religious beliefs." At that time, Father Schaefer, serving his last year as dean of men, seemed willing to listen to student complaints against the check system, although he him-

self had devised the cards when he took office some ten years earlier. Upon arrival at St. Joe's he thought the check necessary since "parents were complaining that their sons were being allowed to skip Sunday Mass."

In a closed meeting with last year's student council, held late in April of '62, however, Father Schaefer expressed a desire to see the system removed. He then told Emil Labbe and the in-going council members that he considered it the right time to drop the cards and felt that in the following year the council might attempt to do so.

"The situation around here has changed considerably in ten years," he said.

Also at that meeting the dean announced that he would not be returning the following year.

In September of '62 the council, armed with Father Schaefer's statements and the opinion of the new dean, Father Girt, who felt the cards to be childish, immediately began a two pronged attack seeking their removal through pressure on administration and parents. Letters were sent to parents in the first semester explaining both pro and con arguments and asking them to return the enclosed "check one box" type postcard to show their own attitudes on the subject. The returns on this poll were good, but, according to members of the sociology department, "not really conclusive for that type of self return poll." Of the answers received, though, parents overwhelmingly favored the dropping of the system.

But also earlier last year much existing administrative support for the council's aims had vanished. An irate group of students had raided campus dorms where cards were kept in racks on each floor and destroyed the slips placed

there for use at the next day's Mass. Father Girt immediately reversed his statements of the first convocation of the year and stated that because of this act the cards must stay at least until January. January came and went, along with the painstaking research in handling the council's poll. What had seemed like the ripe moment for removal of Mass cards was no longer even green.

With the arrival of the 63-64 council the topic again came to the front, though on a much quieter scale. Pat Murphy, president of this year's council, avoided all open argument and seemed willing to forget the entire situation. In September, however, Murphy had expressed to Stuff his desire to see Mass cards dropped. At that time he echoed Labbe in saying that he wanted the cards out, but felt a compromise involving some other "system" was undesirable.

Two weeks ago word slipped out that the Student Life committee was meeting and Mass cards would take their place on the agenda. Murphy was again contacted by Stuff and verified the meeting but asked for secrecy until something positive was attained. That night's meeting was far from positive as the issue was put off until Father Kostka, committee member and college chaplain, return from out of town.

Then last week the committee met again and after voting down the cards moved their recommendation immediately to the president's council. Before that highest administrative group on campus the cards received the ax for the second and last time.

Responsibility for student attendance at weekly Mass will now move to the hall advisors who are to handle any Mass skippers as religious, rather than disciplinary cases.

STUFF

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No. 11

Noted physicist to talk at St. Joe science symposium

Raymond J. Seeger, Ph.D., deputy assistant director for mathematics, physical, and engineering science of the National Science Foundation will speak at the St. Joseph's College scientist and society symposium banquet Feb. 15 at Halleck center.

The banquet will be the central point of the three-day symposium and will be preceded by a reception for all delegates and followed by a reception for faculty members of participating schools and other dignitaries.

Seeger, a physicist, has worked in the areas of dynamics, quantum mechanics, election theory of solids, and foundation physics. He was an associate professor of

physics at George Washington University and a lecturer of aerophysics at Johns Hopkins University. He served as acting director of the Institute of Fluid Dynamics and Applied Mathematics at the University of Maryland from 1949-52. In 1961-62 he attended Oxford University, England as a visiting scholar.

Seeger received a bachelor of arts degree from Rutgers University and a doctor of philosophy degree from Yale.

He also received a doctorate in science from Kent State University. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Sigma Xi, Omicron Delta Kappa, and Sigma Pi Sigma fraternities.

Gugliotta, 'Bugs' make Midwest All-Catholic team

Undefeated, untied St. John's University of Collegeville, Minn., again dominates the 1963 All-Midwest Catholic College football team, placing five men on the 13-man unit, including two players accorded most-valuable player designation.

The All-Midwest all-star cast is selected annually by the "Times Review," official news-

paper of the La Crosse Catholic Diocese. Aiding the sports staff in picking the team were the coaches and publicity directors of the four Catholic midwest colleges.

St. John's undefeated and untied, for the second straight year, led the all-star contingent with five players; while St. Norbert's of West DePere copped four berths St. Thomas of St. Paul two, and St. Joseph's of Rensselaer completed the dream-team by placing a pair of linemen.

Included on the 11-man squad are three repeaters from the 1962 squad: Joe Gugliotta, St. Joseph's; Bob Spinner, St. John's; and Steve Mayheu are the repeaters to the All-Midwest berths.

Others named to the 1963 edition were: Bernie Beckman and Ken Roering, St. John's; Ron Boguski, St. Joseph's; Pat Pavelski, Dave Kons, and Jule "Butch" Mellen, St. Norbert's; Bruce Rhinhart, and Tony Pazik, St. Thomas.

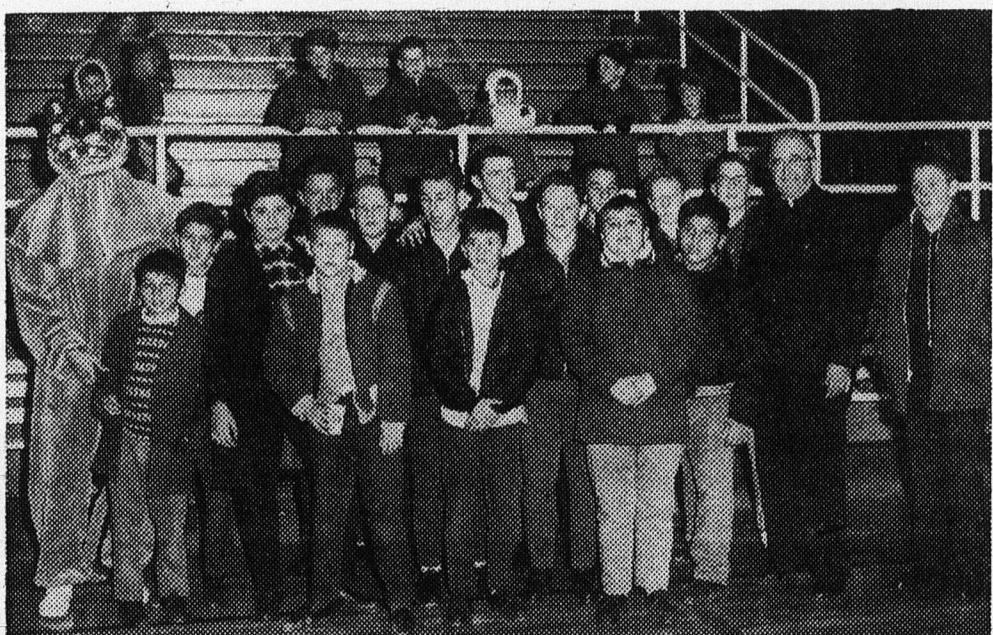
St. Joseph's placed two men on the honorable mention team: Rich Ostrowski and Dick Schreiber.

Rec room given decoration by junior curfew offenders



A group of juniors, found guilty of partying a little later than curfew last Saturday night pose around the Christmas tree, or more correctly, their Hanuka bush, as they had it titled. Arriving late after the Christmas dance they were told that their punishment would require them to add to the scanty Christmas decorations in the rec room of Halleck center. (Photo by Jim Ross)

Boys Towners meet Puma Joe



A group of youngsters from Hoosier Boys Town of Schererville, Ind. were guests of the Monogram club at last Saturday's basketball game between St. Joe's and Wheaton. Later that evening they were also treated to the annual Christmas concert.

College Alma Maters decline, S.J.'s song good but unknown

Last week's issue of TIME MAGAZINE contained a pessimistic piece on the fate of the old college song, both the Alma Mater and "fight" species. The headline read "Hail to Thee - Er . . . Da Di Da."

According to the magazine's education writers, "the great American college song has become the great American mumble." Today's collegiates, TIME continued, find the traditional Alma Mater, first, too square and, second, not worth the emotional effort. Students cannot get romantic over just another college, it went on to say.

The decline of the tear-jerking refrains should probably be expected, though. What with the mass marketed education of our era, it is understandable that the undergrad views his campus as sacred with difficulty. The nation's colleges and universities are no longer special places, educating extraordinary people. The modern student is aware of this fact and

might get excited over a winning team, but awe for the institution's autonomy strikes him as foolish. Perhaps today's college student is correct in his thinking—in his own forthright and sophisticated way.

But how many St. Joe students have heard our own Alma Mater sung? It is actually a good song and we have often wondered why it is not taught to all students as part of frosh initiations. Why it is not played more often at games and rallies. Whether we remain contemporary, sophisticated scholars or not; the song itself is something to be proud of. You need not give a hoot for tradition or rousing fellowship to like it.

Even TIME admitted that the better college songs seem to live on in spite of current trends, and St. Joe's own Alma Mater falls within that group of better songs. If more of us were exposed to the Alma Mater, it could easily become the most treasured memento of our college years.

Halleck center food situation current target of student gripes

Dear Editor:

I have been contemplating sending this letter for a number of weeks, but have consistently postponed it, hoping that eventually there would be no need. But alas, I find myself forced into my present position.

I am one of the poor unfortunates who has an 11:00-12:15 class on Tuesdays and Thursdays immediately followed (it seems) by a 1:00 class. Hence, I am forced, of necessity, to gulp down my food, return to my room for a fresh supply of books, and then return to class.

My problem is very basic: it is close to impossible to do all these things in the allotted amount of time. I am forced to place the blame on our cafeteria staff.

With three separate classes (sophomores, juniors, and seniors) vying for vittles during the same lunch hour, the word "lunch" has become a rather sordid joke to people in my present state of affairs.

I have been told (though I have not seen evidence of this) that our beloved institution has employed the services of an incapable "Institutional Administrator." Well and good. But, I seem to recall few instances in those "good old days" (now long gone by) when we all ate in the old cafeteria, that I was forced to stand aimlessly in line for five to ten minutes without advancing one step. To be very polite and gracious, may I simply say that this year's cafeteria service has been questionable."

Recently, I have wondered what became of a September suggestion, that some of the underclass halls (including Aquinas, Powerhouse, etc.) be serviced in the old cafeteria. Wouldn't this provide better service and more comfort to these halls? I am sorry Mr. Editor, but I fail to see where such a plan could overburden Miss Skinner's staff, while at the same time it lessens the burden on the already overburdened staff of Halleck center. Perhaps if this plan were put into effect we could have our milk, ice tea, and water in glasses instead of in coffee cups because the sup-

ply (?) of clean glasses has been exhausted.

These are just a few thoughts by this one individual, but judging from the general air of complaints, I somehow feel that I am far from alone.

There may be many faults with the above mentioned steps toward a solution, but then I am only a student, not a paid administrator. When I pay for a service I have always labored under the suspicion that I should receive it—not only on "good" days, but the vast majority of the time.

Sincerely,
Bill Higgins

Dear Editor:

Halleck center, the newest addition to our local cafeteria complex does not appear to be measuring up to the expectation of the students.

Notice the trays being taken to the washer at the conclusion of the meal, carrying the half-eaten meals to be discarded. Notice, particularly, the expressions of the students.

One dinner served recently might further clarify what I mean. Offered first as a sort of preview of the main meal was a cold, clammy, wet tray to set the meal on and semi-clean utensils to eat it with.

The meat served might possibly have been good, but the size of the portion pre-

CLASSES THAT MEET DURING THE SEMESTER ON

Mon., Wed. & Fri. at 8 A.M.
Mon., Wed. & Fri. at 9 A.M.
Tues., Thurs. & Sat. at 1 P.M.
Tues., Thurs. & Sat. at 9 A.M.
Mon., Wed. & Fri. at 10 A.M.
Tues., Thurs. & Sat. at 10 A.M.
Mon., Wed. & Fri. at 1 P.M.
Mon., Wed. & Fri. at 11 A.M.
Tues., Thurs. & Sat. at 11 A.M.
Mon., Wed. & Fri. at 2 P.M.
Tues., Thurs. & Sat. at 3 A.M.
Tues., Thurs. & Sat. at 2 P.M.

WILL HAVE THEIR EXAMINATIONS

Thursday, Jan. 16 at 8 A.M.
Thursday, Jan. 16 at 10 A.M.
Thursday, Jan. 16 at 4 P.M.
Friday, Jan. 17 at 10 A.M.
Friday, Jan. 17 at 4 P.M.
Saturday, Jan. 18 at 10 A.M.
Saturday, Jan. 18 at 4 P.M.
Monday, Jan. 20 at 8 A.M.
Monday, Jan. 20 at 10 A.M.
Monday, Jan. 20 at 4 P.M.
Tuesday, Jan. 21 at 8 A.M.
Tuesday, Jan. 21 at 10 A.M.

Reviews at Random Political extremism talks try to define "left" and "right"

By RUSSELL CARSON

In contrast with the last coffee hour discussion on the book, "Lord of the Flies," last Monday's discussion on political extremism was marked by sparse attendance and little fire. Three faculty members, Indiana Young Republicans committeeman Bill Leopold, and 20 students participated in a low toned, theoretical discussion of the far right and far left as related to economics, civil rights, states rights, and government policy.

Problems of definition of "left" and "right" bogged the talks from the outset. For example, does the far left include Communists as well as liberals and socialists? Or, does the right include the American Nazis as well as the John Birch society and the Young Americans for Freedom?

Without settling these issues, the conversation turned away from the topic of communism altogether and centered on economic problems as the cause of extremism, especially the left-wing brand. In essence, the theme of social justice reverberated through the opinions presented, picturing liberals as people who want a faster rate in the economic improvement of the masses. Conservatives, or rightists, were type cast in the role of "rugged individuals" who fastened their attention on institutions, such as the U.S. Constitution, with the aim of preserving, regardless of whether or not these institutions fulfill the needs of society today.

No argument on this point being encountered, the talk filtered economics into the civil rights problem. Opinions first voiced took the view that the Negro is fighting primarily to emerge from his low state into the "mass society," the higher income society of most U.S. citizens. It was stated that Negroes needed the help of the Federal government to do this. The possibility that there is more to it than that, such concepts as racial pride and legal equality, was then introduced.

States rights came in for a pasting as an excuse for segregation and nothing

cluded a valid judgement. The gravy was literally boiling, which sharply contrasted with the rice upon which it was poured. The carrots were half-cooked, which is twice as cooked as the normal vegetable there.

As an added attraction in the meat department there was an offering of paper-thin, leathery, and nearly frozen liver wisely left over from lunch. Only the salad as such was above criticism—there wasn't any left.

The above is a description of a typical meal served daily in the new Halleck center. At first it was generally thought that the reason for this situation was the necessity for the gradual coordination of the new equipment and new personnel. However, after three months of operation this theory no longer seems plausible.

What is the problem and, more important how much longer are the students expected to accept it?

Sincerely,
Mark Perrigo

more, despite all lofty democratic pronouncements that have been made on its behalf. That settled, the idea of Negro racial pride and consciousness led to the quasi-religious, racist, Negro separatist group, the Black Muslims. The idea was put forth that, although the Black Muslims have little appeal for most Negroes, they have done the Negro movement some good by instilling in the black man a certain amount of pride in being black.

On this note, the discussion ended with no ruffled tempers and no fractured egos.

THE EDITORS
AND
STAFF OF STUFF
WISH
FOR THE MEMBERS
OF THE
ADMINISTRATION
FACULTY
STUDENT BODY
AND ALL
THEIR LOVED ONES
A
HAPPY AND HOLY
CHRISTMAS SEASON



STUFF



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STUFF - Fri., Dec. 20, 1963 - Page 2

Varsity Views

Improved athletes make specialists but "color" is needed to draw crowd

By HUCK QUIGLEY

In this day of professional sports, a lot has been written about the increasing efficiency of the human being as an athlete. He is growing taller without sacrificing coordination, and in the last ten years he has demonstrated a sincere yearning to catch the cheetah in the hundred-yard dash. Coaches, trainers, and other specialists in the game keep sportswriters busy with various and sundry opinions on the healthier human being. The athlete himself has become a specialist; the place-kicker, the left-handed pinch-hitter, the non-shooting rebounder, and the clown in Indianapolis who only changes the left-rear tire on Agajanian Specials, are products of the big professional approach to athletics from flag pole sitters to Little league batboys.

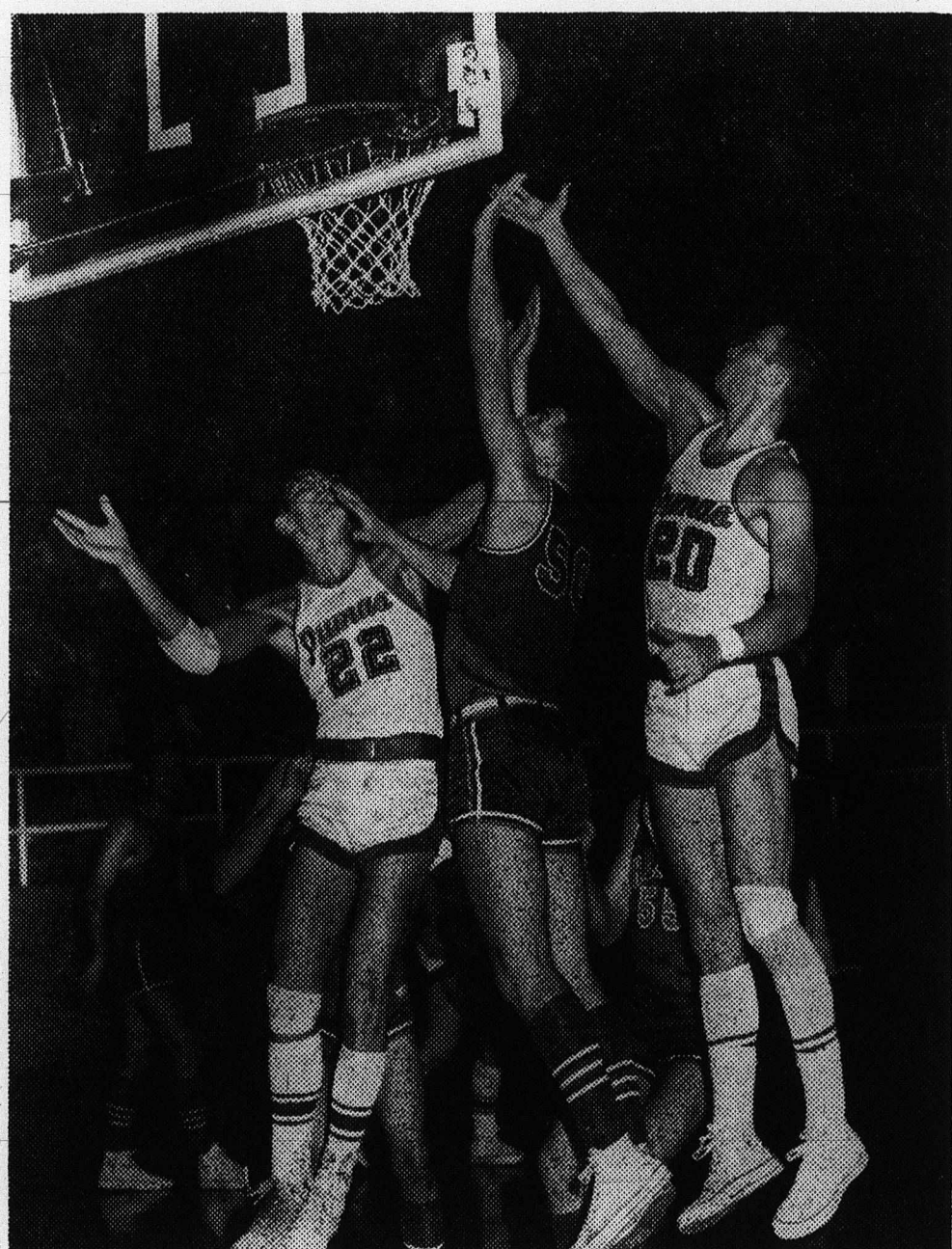
And yet, while it is unquestioned that execution in sports has benefitted from this professional "plastic surgery," I think the American sports enthusiast has been stripped of the most fascinating appeal in athletics—color. Let us define "color" as an unprecedented and spontaneous performance on the part of an athlete in the heat of competition. Until very recently such acts were frowned upon as "unprofessional," but through the years no other one factor has contributed as much to the molding of the die-hard fan. Because of the undue pressure of owners, promoters, and alumni groups in their mad desire to win, coaches forgot that the average fan pays admission to be entertained—not just witness a victory. While the Yankees were winning "automatic" pennants in the '50's, the Red Sox were filling Fenway Park because Jimmy Piersall was playing center-field. The Harlem Globetrotters have been laughing all the way to the bank for years while franchises fold in the NBA. Today a Black Hawk needs only expectorate on the ice and he is slapped with a \$100 fine.

It leads one to wonder if Babe Herman could play big-league baseball today, or if Bronco Nagurski would be forbidden to play football without a helmet? It was the Ruths, the Satchel Paiges, and the Bennie Sheridans who relieved the pressures of 'win-or-else' and drew amusement loving Americans to the ball parks.

Fortunately, however, color is beginning to seep back into sports today. Whenever trends pass from one extreme to the other, it takes time for the scales to balance again. Men like R. C. Owens, Cassius Clay, and Luis Aparicio are primary examples on the pro level. Tony Crosby gained fame at Texas with his bare-footed place-kicking, and Sherna Lewis delighted thousands of fans at Michigan State for three years with his broken-field running. It is said he reversed his field three times and covered 150 yards on one play last fall and netted only two feet, but the crowd rewarded his efforts with a standing ovation.

Hence, we were gratified Saturday to see Larry Yeagley stuff the ball in the last quarter against Wheaton. With the exception of Luther Howard, St. Joe basketball seemed to lack the appeal which so many other teams brought here over the past two seasons. This team has some very colorful ball players in Yeagley, Al Papai, and Paul Zosel, and it could be a deciding factor in the outcome of the season. Certainly it packs the fieldhouse, and St. Joe is always dangerous when one-thousand Pumas are playing 'Manchurian Candidate' with a rattled opposition.

In reply to our plea in this column last week for an original "colorful" nickname for our fieldhouse, Xavier Hall presented a couple of catchy calling cards. How about "Inn of Din" or better yet "Floor of War" for a couple of ulcer-ticklers? It's something for Chuck Ryan to scratch his scalp over anyhow.



Pumas steal boards from Wheaton; St. Cloud State ends winning streak

S J beats Wheaton, takes third straight

By LARRY BRUNSWICK

Last Saturday evening the Pumas extended their winning streak to three straight and their overall record to 3-1 with a convincing 91-77 victory over the Wheaton Crusaders. The Crusaders opened the game with a press and zone defense but the Pumas easily overcame the press with an explosive fast break. Al Papai came off the bench with a hot hand early in the first half to team with Zosel and Brunswick in building up a 14 point lead at half time.

The half time period did nothing to cool the Pumas as they started the second period as hot as ever. The Pumas' fast break continued to wreck the Crusaders' defense as the Pumas managed to build up a 29 point lead midway through the period. At this junction Coach Holstein cleared his bench and the "second" unit, led by Larry Yeagley with 14 points, easily contained the Crusaders for the remainder of the game.

Lon Brunswick led the Pumas scoring attack with 20 points followed by Zosel and Yeagley with 14 and Papai and Mokros with 10.

The squad will be kept quite busy over the holiday break with three big games. December 27-28 the Pumas travel to Indianapolis for the Indianapolis Classic at Indiana Central fieldhouse. Last year the team was "mythical" champion of the event since they were the only team to win two games. January 2 the Pumas take on their first ICC opponent of the season when the Butler Bulldogs invade alumni fieldhouse. With two time all ICC center Jeff Blue leading the way the Bulldogs seem as tough as ever. Since the game is played over the holiday vacation the team will be without the regular student body support, but it is hoped that many of the Puma "cage" fans will make it to Puma-ville for the game.

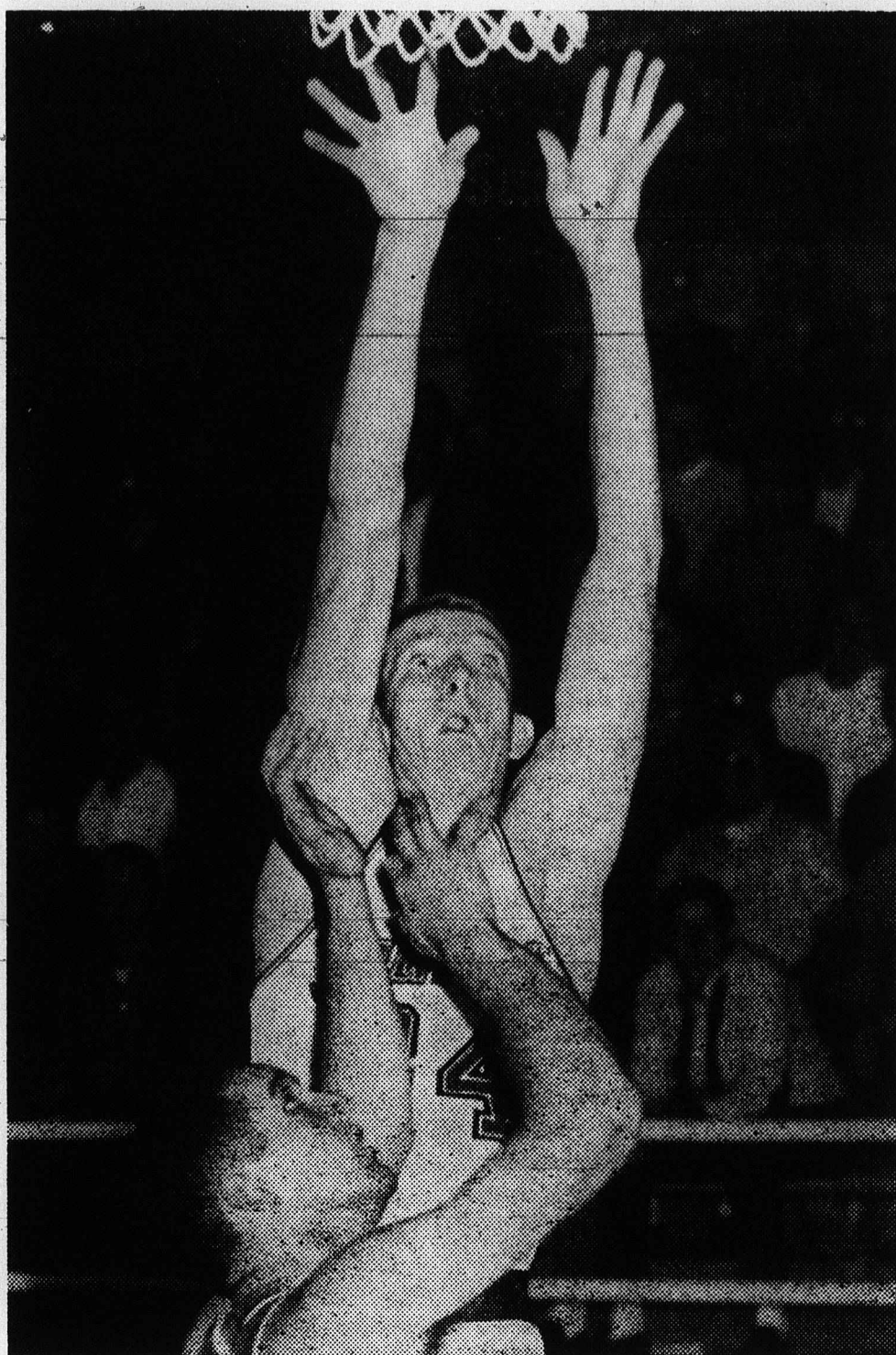
Saint Cloud State topples S J, 99-69

Tuesday night the Pumas were defeated 99-69 by a tall and talented team from Minnesota, St. Cloud State.

St. Cloud jumped off to an early lead in the opening minutes and were never caught by the Pumas. The Huskies hit a fantastic 40 shots from the field out of 75 attempts for a 54.7 percentage compared to a very cold 28 percent for St. Joe's. The Husky defense prevented the Puma offense from ever really rolling.

Only Tom Crowley managed to score big for St. Joe's with 24 points. Ken Dockus came off the bench late in the game to get 10. The St. Cloud scoring was headed by Forrest and Johnson with 32 and 31 points respectively.

The Pumas will try to get back on the winning side of the ledger Thursday night when they travel to Davenport, Iowa for a game with St. Ambrose College.



Intramural Scoreboard

Ringers and absent refs hurt all participating in IM

By BILL SLYKAS

This week instead of giving you a rundown of the happenings in the intramural activities, I believe a sermon is in order.

This past week many undesirable student habits were uncovered by the IM department. These thoughtless occurrences can wreck the objectives set forth by the administrators of the program. The entire student body suffers because of the actions of a few people who have their own interests and own pleasures at heart. These people fall into two categories; some participants and some referees.

Monday night a boy was boasting in the gym that he had played three basketball games in one night. This boy did play in three games, but the bad thing about it all was that in the three games only once did he play with the team he was officially assigned to play on. What purpose did he serve? He actually defeated the entire purpose of the program. What would IM's be without organization? Why do we have individual teams? If we permitted actions such as this to go unchecked the spirit of competition goes down the drain and with it goes all the desirable outcomes that can be gained from intramurals. Competition is enjoyed and let's try and keep it that way!

The shocking thing about this affair is that the boy in question happens to be a hall representative. Others were also involved and have probably been involved throughout the entire season.

Let me remind these culprits of the ruling stated in the IM handbook. It says that any student who participates under an assumed name is liable to be banned from all IM competition for the rest of the school year. Is it worth that much?

The other problem is that of the referee force. First of all let me remind the refs that they are the highest paid employees in the school, and that the IM department has a waiting line of applicants to take the jobs of those who are not worthy to hold them.

For the past two weeks some refs have not been showing up at their appointed games without any valid excuses. So because of these actions many games have been played with only one ref. If at any time a ref cannot show up for a game he should contact the IM department the afternoon of the game and a substitute will be found by the department.

Many of the former refs will find out when they return from the Christmas vacation that they have been removed from the payroll, with some deductions for the games they have missed.

Gentlemen, we have a fine intramural program, but it is up to you to maintain it. And after all it is all for your benefit.

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Stuff's James Bent (00) covers North Pole

By DAVE BARTHOLOMY

Bent sat quietly, his hands in his lap, waiting for C to break the silence. He knew better than to interrupt the quiet workings of this great mind. Only moments before he had been finishing breakfast in the Halleck center, served up as only machines could serve it.

The telephone had rung. It was C's chief of staff. "Sorry to disturb you, old man," said the pleasant voice, "but the chief seems to have something on. Think you can come up?"

Bent's pulse quickened. "I'll be right there. Thanks, Fern."

James Bent, star reporter for Stuff was the only double aught (00) reporter in the ICPS (Indiana Collegiate Press Conference). This 00 rank gave him license to travel at will beyond campus bounds without the encumbrance of the customary sign out system.

When he entered C's outer office, Miss Groitus, C's desirable and all powerful secretary, looked up and cast him a toothless smile.

"How's the old man this morning, Icky?" he asked. Her real name was Ickthelda, but Bent had been calling her 'Icky' for years. This habit always got him a little spit in the eye, but he liked his women with spirit.

"Frightful shape," she answered. "He's been pacing around in there like a caged bear. I heard something break a while ago. You've heard about S. Clause, haven't you?"

Bent shook his head. "No, I just woke up," he said, wiping the spit from his eye.

"A rumor just came in that S. Clause isn't coming this year. I

guess he wants you to get the story."

Bent looked dubious. "Doubt if that's what he wants me for. That's a job for UPI if there's anything to it."

She gave him an encouraging smile as the double doors swung shut behind him. The red light above the doors flashed on and there was a heavy clunk as the steel bolt shot home, indicating that C was not to be disturbed.

Now James Bent sat across from C, editor of Stuff, and waited.

"James," C said, "I've a favor to ask of you."

Bent's pulse quickened. In the line of business C always referred to him as 0096. This must be something personal.

"Yes, sir?" Bent queried.

"Dammit," C exclaimed. "This is a touchy business. I suppose that bigmouth Miss Groitus filled you in already."

"Yes, sir, she did," Bent replied.

"Well, no matter, I want you to drive up to N. Pole and see the old man yourself. This may take a few days. I'll get you excused cuts. Get going now and good luck."

"Thank you, sir," said Bent getting up to leave.

Outside, Bent slid behind the wheel of his full blown Willis Jeep. He pushed down the clutch and ran the floor shift through the six forward and three reverse gears for practice. After catching his breath he started the engine and listened contentedly to the steady brack-brack of his guaranteed - for - life Midas duals.

Before shifting into gear Bent

pushed back the comma of scraggly brown hair that hung over his left shoulder. Then he took out his gun-metal green cigarette case, extracted two Billiard and

When the music had ended and his nose was severely frostbitten, the door opened and he was confronted by a hoary old lady with beady eyes and ratty clothes.



Balk eight-gold-ringed cigarettes (number 13 cork tip), and lit them with his gun-metal green lighter. Bent always smoked two before shifting into first. They calmed his shattered nerves and gave him confidence.

Then, setting his jaw and tensing his muscles, Bent flipped both butts out the window, rammed the lever into first, and was squalling out of the lot before they hit the ground. On the street now, he ran Willy to 55, executed a neat racing change into neutral and slammed to a halt in front of Kanne's for two quick shots of peppermint schnapps. More confidence.

Two minutes later he was back in the jeep and, after the usual ritual with the gears and cigarettes, he threw down fifteen benzedrine tablets and was on his way.

Three thousand miles and five speeding tickets later he executed a neat downshift into fifth gear, jerked and slid through the closed front gates of the famous candy cane castle shattering them to bits and came to a halt in a huge snow bank.

Before going to the door, he checked both chambers of his specially built hand tooled piggy-back pen and, with a smile of confidence (he carried a bottle in the glove box), he rang the chimes which broke into five minutes of "Summertime."

MERRY
CHRISTMAS

personnel of the
COLLEGE
BOOK STORE

Kanne's

MERRY
CHRISTMAS
TO YOU ALL

LONG'S
Drug Store

"Where Friends Meet"

Merry
Christmas

— SEE YOU NEXT YEAR —

FALVEYS

his head with a plastic pouch of angle-sliced green beans packed and frozen in butter sauce.

Then, with a fiendish gleam in his merry old eyes, S. Clause called in his henchmen, six blind, foot tall elves with long white rubber tipped canes. "O.K., boys. When he comes around you know what to do. (ho-ho-ho)."

Bent regained consciousness again and saw the six elves standing in a row along his left side. When he tried to get up he found he was chained to the floor. He could only move his head. Then the elves removed the rubber tips from their canes, revealing six gleaming blades.

"I hate to have to do this to you, Bent (ho-ho-ho), but I've got my rules to go by," said S. Clause in a gleeful voice. "This is definitely a most grave."

"Wh-what rules," stammered Bent. He knew that the end was near, but was not about to give up yet.

"No, m'boy, you can't plead ignorance with me. If I've told you guys once, I've told you a thousand times: Don't Peek!"



How to plan
a post-graduate
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